Porn
hub

STEP

Timmy, in all his acne-splattered glory, would sit on his bed like a high priest of Wi-Fi, stroking with one hand and scrolling with the other, grateful to live in a world where an endless archive of flesh was available at 5G speed.

He often mused:
"Imagine Grandpa Franz Ferdinand tugging away at Verdun with only a soggy photograph of some actress whose ankles were slightly visible. No wonder they invented trench mortars."

He knew his elders had suffered:

- **56k modem days:** click → *screeeeeeech-ka-ka-ka-brrrrr* → 12 minutes later → one blurred nipple.
- **TV after midnight:** waiting for the static fuzz between commercials to maybe, maybe reveal a thigh.

- **Magazines:** stiff pages that stuck together before you even touched them.
- **Trenches of Verdun:** mud, blood, lice, and one treasured b/w postcard of a topless can-can dancer, passed from platoon to platoon until it looked like a Rorschach test.

Timmy, meanwhile, had choices: 4K, VR, step-siblings, pizza deliveries, plumbers, and genres so specific they made anthropology look vague. He never forgot to send a silent "thank you" to the invisible gods of bandwidth, and sometimes whispered to his glowing phone:

"You are my true sweetheart, my silicon Aphrodite."

Still, good old Timmy—an innocent lad if innocence can be measured by only *moderate* scoliosis of the imagination—found himself floundering in the swamp of porn titles one sultry afternoon.

He had sat down with the noblest of intentions: *"Just some plain, wholesome full-frontal nudity,"* he told himself, like a monk vowing to keep the search bar pure.

But then—ah!—the title appeared on his screen like an epic poem carved into marble:

"Stepmother sneaks behind Stepdad while Stepsister double-teams Stepbrother, Step-1st-Cousin-Twice-Removed 'accidentally' joins in as StepPostman rings the bell, StepPizzaGuy delivers extra sausage, and the StepDog licks up the mess under the table."

Timmy froze.
His thumb hovered over the play button as if it were the nuclear launch code.
He thought:

- *Wait—who is sneaking behind whom?*
- *How many steps are in this family tree? More than a Zumba class?*

- *What does it mean to 'accidentally' join in? Did the cousin just trip and fall penis-first?*
- *Why is the dog under the table? And why is he… oh no, oh god.*

His brain tried to diagram it all like Euclid drawing pornographic geometry:
If Stepmother → Stepdad, and Stepsister → Stepbrother, then where does Postman intersect? Does PizzaGuy's sausage equal Cousin²?

Timmy's wholesome quest collapsed into theological crisis. He whispered to himself:

"Grandfather had Verdun. Father had dial-up. And I… I have this."

[Scene: A badly lit suburban living room. Moaning. Furniture from IKEA. StepMother is bent over the couch, StepBrother behind her. StepSister is "helping." StepDad snores upstairs. The PizzaGuy is half-dressed, holding a box. The Postman's hat is still on. Cousin-

Twice-Removed is lost somewhere in the pile. The Dog slurps underneath. Timmy watches from his phone in disbelief.]

StepMother (panting): "So, let's get this straight… If I sneak behind StepDad with StepBrother, that makes me his StepWife and his StepMistress at the same time!"

StepSister (joining in): "Right! And since I'm double-teaming StepBrother, I'm both his StepSibling and his… StepSpouse?"

StepBrother (trying to do math mid-thrust): "So then, Cousin, when you 'accidentally' joined, you became my nephew AND my uncle, right?"

Cousin-Twice-Removed (falling onto the pile): "Exactly! I'm your StepUncleNephew. Which also makes me… StepGrandson-in-law?"

StepPostman (slamming the door, trousers down): "Don't forget me! The minute I rang the bell, I became the StepFather of everyone

here— *and* my own StepSon, by certified delivery!"

StepPizzaGuy (offering a slice): "And since I delivered extra sausage, that makes me both the StepHusband of StepSister and my own customer! Half off with coupon!"

StepDog (wagging tail, licking up): *slurp slurp* "Woof! Translation: And by cleaning the fluids, I've become the StepJanitor, the StepGodfather, and through circular logic… your StepGrandpa!"

[All characters gasp mid-orgy.]

StepMother (collapsing in orgasmic epiphany): "Don't you see? Through our sacred mess, we have recreated the old paradox…"

ALL (together, chanting like a gospel choir, sweaty and tangled):
"I'm my own StepGrandpa!"

[Freeze-frame. Cheesy saxophone solo. A neon subtitle blinks: *Pornhub Original Logic Problem*]

[Scene: Timmy's bedroom. Phone propped against a pillow, porn running. His pants are half-down but the erection has fled the battlefield like a French cavalry regiment at Waterloo. Instead of stroking, Timmy is scribbling furiously in a spiral notebook.]

Timmy (muttering):
"Okay… StepMother sneaks behind StepDad → StepBrother. Fine.
But then StepSister double-teams StepBrother, which makes her his… StepSpouse? No—StepCousin-in-Bed? No—dammit!"

[On-screen, StepMother is moaning. Off-screen, Timmy is flipping pages, chewing his pen cap.]

Timmy (scribbling, increasingly frantic):
"Cousin-Twice-Removed 'accidentally' joins. Accidentally?? How does that even…? Okay,

so he's both nephew and uncle. But if Postman comes in, he fathers his own letters, which means the Dog licking under the table—"

[The Dog barks in pornographic ecstasy. Timmy slams his pen.]

Timmy: "—THE DOG IS NOW HIS OWN GRANDPA. Holy shit."

[Cut back to the screen: StepPostman and StepPizzaGuy high-five over the writhing heap.]

StepPizzaGuy (on video): "Bro, we've just created infinite recursion."

Timmy (horrified, whispering): "Infinite recursion… Pornography as a fractal… A family tree with no trunk, no roots, just endless *step-branches* curving back into themselves…"

[He holds up his notebook. It's no longer a family tree—it's a deranged Möbius strip covered in arrows, circles, and the words "DOG = GRANDPA??" scrawled in red ink.]

Timmy (to himself, dead serious):
"This isn't porn anymore. This is topology."

[The porn actors, still tangled, suddenly burst into song—an orgiastic barbershop quartet chanting "I'm my own StepGrandpa, I'm my own StepGrandpa…" while Timmy stares slack-jawed, pen dangling.]

Timmy (collapsing back in his chair, defeated):
"Grandpa had Verdun. Dad had dial-up. And me? I have a genealogy black hole."

[INT. TIMMY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT.
Phone still streaming. Notebook on his lap. Timmy's diagrams now look like a cursed Da Vinci codex: spirals of arrows, incestuous loops, and one massive word in block letters:
"DOG = GRANDPA."

He underlines it three times. The room begins to shake.]**

Timmy (terrified whisper):
"Oh god. I've solved it. I've cracked the Pornhub Paradox."

[The phone glows neon. The moaning chorus grows louder, as if coming from *inside* the walls. His bent family tree ignites in green fire. The porn actors begin to crawl out of the screen—naked, sweaty, chanting like horny Gregorian monks.]

StepMother (emerging, dripping lube like amniotic slime):
"You summoned us, Timmy. You completed the Tree of Step."

StepBrother (behind her, adjusting mid-thrust while stepping into reality):
"You've written the Equations of Fuck."

StepSister (somersaulting out, tits bouncing like metaphysical pendulums):
"And now you must join the Family."

[Timmy stumbles back, notebook clutched like a holy text.]

Timmy:
“No, no—I just wanted nudity! Plain, innocent nudity! Not… this genealogical Hell!”

[StepPostman bursts through Timmy’s window with a thunderclap.]

StepPostman:
“Special delivery, Timmy! Your destiny!”

[StepPizzaGuy follows, flinging a greasy box onto Timmy’s desk. The box opens. Instead of pizza, it contains writhing sausage tentacles spelling out the words: *“STEP IS ALL.”*]

Timmy (screaming):
“This isn’t porn anymore—it’s demonology!”

[The StepDog crawls from under Timmy’s bed, muzzle dripping. Its eyes glow eldritch red. It speaks in a guttural baritone, voice shaking the plaster from the walls.]

StepDog:
“AND LO, THE CIRCLE CLOSES. I AM MY OWN STEPGRANDPA.”

[The walls collapse into writhing flesh corridors. The actors chant, humping in perfect rhythm, a cosmic drumbeat of incestuous recursion. Timmy is lifted into the air by invisible hands. His notebook levitates, pages flipping like a cursed grimoire.]

ALL (in unison, orgasmic chant):
"STEP! STEP! STEP! STEP!"

[Timmy's eyes roll back as the family tree burns itself into his retinas. The screen goes white. A single subtitle appears, in Comic Sans:]

"Pornhub Presents: *The Necronomicon of Lust – I'm My Own StepGrandpa.*"